

ting that custom makes many things correct, of which the dictionary has no mention.

She is more than certain as to dates; she can tell you exactly what you ought to do, and she fails herself to see that she is a living example of how disagreeable one person can be. Young men dread her, old ones have the utmost contempt for her; she tosses her head, says she doesn't care for the opinions of men. Well, she is losing her womanliness when she feels that way. Every girl should care for the opinions of men. She has her father to look up to, her brothers to be an inspiration to, and some day, please God, she ought to marry one and make him happy for life. The girl who knows everything is seldom cultivated either in mind or manner; she throws out her bit of information as a naughty boy would throw bricks, and the one fired is always the one just gotten. My dear, don't get into the habit of concluding that the world at large is ignorant. Instead, make up your mind that it can teach you much; intelligence is never lost. Even if absolute information is not given by the intelligent woman, the look of cultivation shows in her eyes. Contradiction and ignorance are the combination that forms the knowing girl, and as you love everything good and good-mannered, beware of drifting into being this type of girl.—*Ladie's Home Journal*.

The Secret of a Long Life.

You sometimes see a woman whose old age is as exquisite as was the perfect bloom of her youth. She seems condensed sweetness and grace. You wonder how this has come about; you wonder how it is her life has been a long and happy one. Here are some of the reasons:

She knew how to forget disagreeable things.

She understood the art of enjoyment.

She kept her nerves well in hand, and inflicted them on no one.

She believed in the goodness of her own daughters and in that of her neighbors.

She cultivated a good digestion.

She mastered the art of saying pleasant words.

She did not expect too much from her friends.

She made whatever work came to her congenial.

She retained her illusions, and did not believe that all the world was wicked and unkind.

She relieved the miserable, and sympathized with the sorrowful.

She retained an even disposition, and made the best of everything.

She did whatever came to her cheerful and well.

She never forgot that kind words and a smile cost nothing, but are as priceless treasures to the discouraged.

She did unto others as she would be done by, and now that old age has come to her and there is a halo of white hair about her head, she is loved and considered.

This is the secret of a long life and a happy one.—*March Ladie's Home Journal*.

Young People's Department.

Beggar's Fountain.

There is in Italy a fountain over which is the statue of a beggar drinking at a spring. It is called the 'Beggar's Fountain,' and this is its story: Once upon a time there lived, so says the legend, a very proud and haughty man, who hated the poor and set himself above all the world who were not as wealthy and well-dressed as himself, and his want of charity was so great that it had become proverbial, and a beggar would no more have thought of asking bread at his gate than of asking him for all his fortune.

However, there was a spring on his land, a sweet spring of cold water, and as it was the only one for miles many a wayfarer paused to drink of it, but never was permitted to do so. A servant, well armed, was kept upon the watch to drive such persons away.

Now, there never had been known before any one so avaricious as to refuse a cup of cold water to his fellow-men, and the angels, talking amongst each other, could not believe it; and one of them said to the rest:

'It is impossible for any but Satan himself. I will go to earth and prove that it is not true.'

And so this fair and holy angel disguised herself as a beggar-woman, covered her golden hair with a black hood, and chose the moment when the master of the house was himself standing near the spring to come slowly up the road, walking over the stones with bare feet, and to pause before the fountain and humbly ask for a draught of its sweet water.

Instantly the servant who guarded the spot interposed the spike he carried, but the angel, desiring to take news of a good deed, not of an evil one, back to heaven, turned to the master himself.

'Sir,' she said, 'I am, as you see, a wanderer from afar. See how poor my garments are, how stained with travel. It is not surely at your bidding that your servant forbids me to drink. And even if it is, I pray you bid him let me alone, for I am very thirsty.'

The rich man looked at her with scornful eyes and laughed contemptuously.

'This is not a public fountain,' he said. 'You will find one in the next village.'

'The way is long,' pleaded the angel, 'and I am a woman, and but weak.'

'Drive her away,' said the rich man, and as he spoke the beggar turned; but on the instant her black hood dropped from her head and revealed floods of rippling golden hair—her unseemly rags fell to the ground—and the shining robes that angels wear shone in their place. For a moment she hovered, poised on purple wings, with her hands folded on her bosom and an ineffable sweetness of sorrow in her eyes. Then, with a gush of music and a flood of perfume, she vanished.

The servant fell to the earth like one dead. The rich man trembled and cried out, for he knew that he had forbidden a cup of cold water to an angel, and horror possessed his soul.

Almost instantly, also, a terrible thirst fell upon him which nothing could assuage. In vain he drank wines, sherbets, draughts of all pleasing kinds. Nothing could slack his thirst. The sweet water of the spring was saltier to him than the sea. He who never in his life had known an ungratified desire, now experienced the torture of an ever-unsatisfied longing; but thro' this misery he began to understand what he had done. He repented his cruelty to the poor. Alms were given daily at his gate. Charity was the business of his life. The fountain was no longer guarded, and near it hung ever a cup ready for any one who chose to use it.—But the curse—if curse it were—was never lifted.

The rich man—young when the angel visited him—grew middleaged, elderly, old, still tortured by this awful thirst, despite his prayers and repentance. He had given away his substance; he had himself broken bread for the most miserable beggars who came to his door.

And at eighty years of age, bowing with infirmity and weary of life, he sat one day beside the fountain weeping. And lo! along the road he saw approaching a beggar-woman, hooded in black, wearing sordid rags, and walking over the stones with her bare feet. Slowly she came on and paused beside the fountain.

'May I drink?' she asked.

'There are none to forbid thee,' said the old man, trembling. 'Drink, poor woman. Once an angel was forbidden here, but that time has passed. Drink and pray for one athirst. Here is a cup.'

The woman bent over the fountain and filled the cup; but instead of putting it to her own lips she presented it to those of the old man.

'Drink, then,' she cried, 'and thirst no more.'

The old man took the cup and emptied it. Oh, blessed draught! With it the torture of years departed, and as he drank he praised heaven. And lifting up his eyes once more he saw the beggar's hood drop to the ground and her rags fall to pieces. For a moment she stood revealed in all her beauty of snowy skin and golden hair and silvery raiment; and she stretched her hand toward him, as in blessing, and then rising on purple pinions, vanished in the skies. A strain of music lingered, and a perfume filled the air, and those who came there soon after found the old man praying beside the spring.

Before he died he built the fountain from which the spring still gushes, and it, with the splendid mansion beyond it, now a hospital has been given to the poor forever.

Temperance Department.

A Temperance Lecture.

I have often thought I would visit the readers of the EVANGELIST with a letter, but never just felt the spirit to write, till after reading brother A. M. Ridenour's sketch of his temperance lecture. That expressed my sentiments so forcibly I felt I must take up my pen. Whenever intemperance is fought from that standpoint, then there is some hope of accomplishing something in the great work before us. But as long as we shut the front door, and coax it in the back way, in the way of tea, coffee, tobacco, rich foods and all kinds of stimulents, so long the work will be slow, and we will be slowly but surely creating an appetite for stimulents in our children, and giving them an inherited disposition for the same, which if they have not a strong will-power will lead them to a drunkard's grave. As a rule the sons of wealthy people, who have been reared in luxury and high

living, are in more danger than those of humble life and simple fare.

Oh fathers and mothers, I appeal to you to awake out of the lethargy you are in. See where you are leading your sons and daughters. We see professing Christians, and I am sorry to say, even preachers, who are so wedded to the habits of tobacco, tea and coffee, that they would not even try to think of giving it up and fighting the battle that would surely follow, but they are ready to censure the poor drunkard, that is racked in body and mind, because he does not quit drinking, when his appetite is still stronger, and he is not trying to serve God. Yours is but a mild form of what he is doing. If we are to be like Christ, let us be like him in all things. Almost any parents if interrogated would say they never wanted their sons to use tobacco, and yet they set them the example day after day. How do you expect your children to know right from wrong when they have so much confidence that they think whatever father and mother do is right.

Last spring I heard a temperance lecture by a reformed gambler. The lecturer said, after he had signed the pledge, thirteen years ago, he kept on using tobacco. He said, "One time I was speaking in public and when I got through a gentleman stepped up to me and said to me, 'Why are you not a clean man?' You ought to be clean." I said, why, I am clean. No, no one can be clean with such a puddle as that, pointing to the spittoon, 'and such a looking mouth.' That started me to thinking, and that night I prayed God to help me overcome the habit, and I happened to think here I am asking God to help me with a plug of tobacco in my pocket. I got right up off my knees walked to the window and threw it in the street, and then felt that God would help me. I think the greatest trouble is we expect too much of God, and too little of self."

Now brethren and sisters; let us examine these things carefully and prayerfully. Let us strive to do right, and where our natures are wrong, try that much harder to overcome the wrong. And as the young learn lessons in geography, history, and other studies so let us learn our spiritual lessons of charity, love, kindness and all things pertaining to a Godly life. Let us grow spiritually. When we enter the church we are as babes in Christ, and if we do not be very careful I am afraid it will be with us as it is with many children born in this life: too delicate to live long. Stand by those that yield to temptations easily; give them the strong arm of love and protection, and finally they will grow in the right direction, and be better able to stand alone.

More has been and will be accomplished through love, than in any other way. It seems to me if we would all stop to think and find out our own faults, and work hard to overcome them, we might make a shining light with the brotherhood.

One thing more I want to speak of, that is fermented wine for communion. Why not live strictly temperate? I once heard of a reformed drunkard who had his appetite so stimulated for drink by that one sup that he went to drinking again. You all know what a burning sensation a little sup has. Now these things need not be. What say you, brethren and sisters? Let us have more temperance lectures from the pulpit and press, like A. M. Ridenour's.

With much love for you all, I remain your sister in Christ.

MRS. L. B. SKINNER.

Denver, Ind.

Stay Ye.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Such was the great order which Christ left for us to obey.

His tardy followers have so paraphrased this, that, interpreted in the light of their actions, it often reads as follows:

"Stay ye at home," because "charity always begins there."

"Stay ye at home," and criticise those who do go.

"Stay ye at home," and get gain.

"Stay ye at home," and count beads, and say prayers.

"Stay ye at home," and build costly cathedrals.

"Stay ye at home," and read nice moral essays.

"Stay ye at home," and study the stars.

"Stay ye at home," and engage in entertainments.

"Stay ye at home," and instead of "preaching the gospel to every creature," preach it ten thousand times to the same creatures.

The effect of receiving this mutilation of Jesus' order is delay in saving the world, and spiritual death to the "stay at home" excuse-makers.

May their number decrease.

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